

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have think some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

You can always tell a Yankee—but you can't tell him very much.

Boston has a club where swell society shemales can smoke. Wish I had a club like that—I'd make some of them smoke in this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt not steal a chicken, lest thou be put in jail. But if thou wilt steal a railroad or a gold mine thou canst buy all the jails and put other folks in them.

"The desire to possess a portion of the earth is common to all men," says an exchange. Yes, and some of the greedy scoundrels ain't satisfied with a portion—they want it all.

Some men think there ain't any God, simply because He don't knock them down and strike them blind like He did old Saul of Tarsus. Why, you poor little idiots, God don't fire off a cannon to kill a gnat.

There is some kind of a preacher man up at Newburgh, New York, who advises his flock to go fishing on Sunday. Why, certainly! Fishing would be a dickens of a sight better business than listening to such a preacher as that.

I have just read about a millionaire's daughter who has actually married an American instead of selling herself to some Prince-a-la-Duke-son-of-a-gun from the pauperized near-royalty of Yourope. Now that is a strange thing for a rich gal to do in this day and time, but you remember the old adage that says, "If there is anything the Lord don't know, it is the result of an election, the verdict of a travis jury, and who a fool woman will marry."

A Senator's Sacred Rights.

"I tremble for the life of this government if the doctrine shall ever be accepted that a man who has accumulated his millions can purchase a seat in this body and be immune from criticism."

The above language was used by Senator O'Gorman, of New York, in speaking of the action of the United States Senate in allowing Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, to retain his bought seat.

Goodness gracious! Why, Senator O'Gorman is terribly old-fashioned and miserably out of date. Is it possible that he don't know that a man who has accumulated millions can do anything he pleases and buy everything except salvation?

Does he not know that this government is no longer what it once was—a government of the people,

by the people and for the people?

Has he not yet tumbled to the fact that this is an autocracy of wealth, and conducted solely in the interest of the plutes?

Does he not know that two thirds of his colleagues in the United States Senate have either bought their seats or had them bought for them by some criminal corporation?

Shucks! Also scat! Senator O'Gorman is a back number. He is actually honest. He is positively sincere. He has principles, scruples and other antiquated sentiments. He seems to be laboring under the delusion that it is the duty of a senator to represent the people, and not the power of money.

According to our modern standards, a man is entitled to whatever he has bought and paid for. If he has bought a seat in the Senate, it is his; if he has bought a seat in the Cabinet, it is his. If he has bought a law or a legislature, a judge or a judicial decision, they are his.

Would Senator O'Gorman interfere with the sacred rights of property?

If a man is rich enough in dollars and poor enough in character, he can buy a seat in the Senate and sit on it till the seat of his breeches shines like the character of a saint.

Who is there to put such a man out of the Senate? Surely not the other Senators who have also bought their seats. Surely not the criminal corporations who have bought seats for their special representatives.

The men who own the dollars are the men who own the government. They have bought it and it is theirs. They are the men who can persuade the courts (which are also their personal property) to so dissolve a trust that it becomes more powerful after it is dissolved than it ever was before.

Look at the Standard Oil Company. It has been "dissolved," you know. But John D. is piling up millions faster than he ever did before. That is a fact. Now, honestly, what does such "dissolving" amount to? Why, it isn't worth the snap of your finger to the people.

And that's the way it goes. The Almighty Dollar is the supreme ruler of this country, and of all other countries, so far as I know. Principles, morals, ideals and patriotism do not count for anything. Dollars are supreme. This is a government of dollars, by dollars and for dollars. Dollars are its ideal, its aim and its object; and, unless God saves it, dollars will be its end.

Help circulate The Fool-Killer.

THE BABY CROP.

Rock-a-by, Baby Buntin';
Daddy's gone a-huntin'
To catch a rabbit skin
To wrap up Baby Buntin' in.

Alas, we shall never know what immortal poet is the author of these classic lines. The song is still with us, but the name of its author was torn off and lost years ago. And such is fame. Selah.

Yet in our retrospective moments it is a sweet solace to hark back through the years and refresh our memory with the tender notes of Rock-a-by Baby as they came to us where we lay wrapped in pillows and things. Many infant storms have been calmed and many incipient spasms averted by the skillful application of broken doses of "Rock-a-by Baby."

But we are told that the dear old lullaby must pretty soon hike along after its forgotten author. The word comes direct from my old school-mate, Prof. Walt Wilcox, of Cornell University. Walt tells me on the Q. T. that the baby crop is dying out, and that one hundred years from now there will not be any babies in the United States. Walt has figured it out by the Rule of Two-and-a-Half or some other mathematical sleight-of-hand and he says he knows what he is talking about.

But I sorter suspect that Walt has got the wrong sow by the ear in this baby business. I have not noticed any falling off in the crop of squallers down this way. Hang-taked if they ain't nearly as thick as June-bugs, and still a-coming. And every new arrival brings with it a voice that sounds like the devil a-playing "Sindy" on a gourd fiddle.

The baby crop dying out? Not in this neck of the woods. If money was as plenty as babies the average poor man would be a millionaire. It ain't a question of getting the little mites of humanity launched on the sea of life—the problem is how to keep them from going naked and starving to death. You take ten poor families, and nine of them have more kids than they can feed and clothe decently.

Walt is judging the world by them old dried-up bachelors and old maids up North who love dope and dogs better than they love bussing and babies, and who ain't got vitality enough, nohow, to reproduce their kind more than once in a lifetime.

A young man from the city of Sioux
Once into a gun muzzle blioux;

Of course, it was loaded

And therefore exploded

As he must have known it would dioux.